

POINT SETTLED AT LAST.
From Sketchy Bits.



He—We've argued for about half an hour, and what good has it done?
She—Well, before we began I wasn't very sure whether I was right or not; now I know I am right.

SUPPORT FOR BERNHARDT.
From Pick-Me-Up.



Dick—Ave yer 'eard abart Sairy Bernhardt taking the part of 'Amlet?
Bill (whose knowledge of Shakespeare is limited)—Well, I don't blame er if the bloke's in the right.

HEARD ON THE BEACH.
From Punch.



"Take care you don't fall, dearie!"
"It's all right, muver. I'se holding by the wings!"

A WORD IN DEFENSE.
From Pick-Me-Up.



Tourist—Nice quiet place, this!
Villager—Not that quiet! We had a murder here the year afore last.

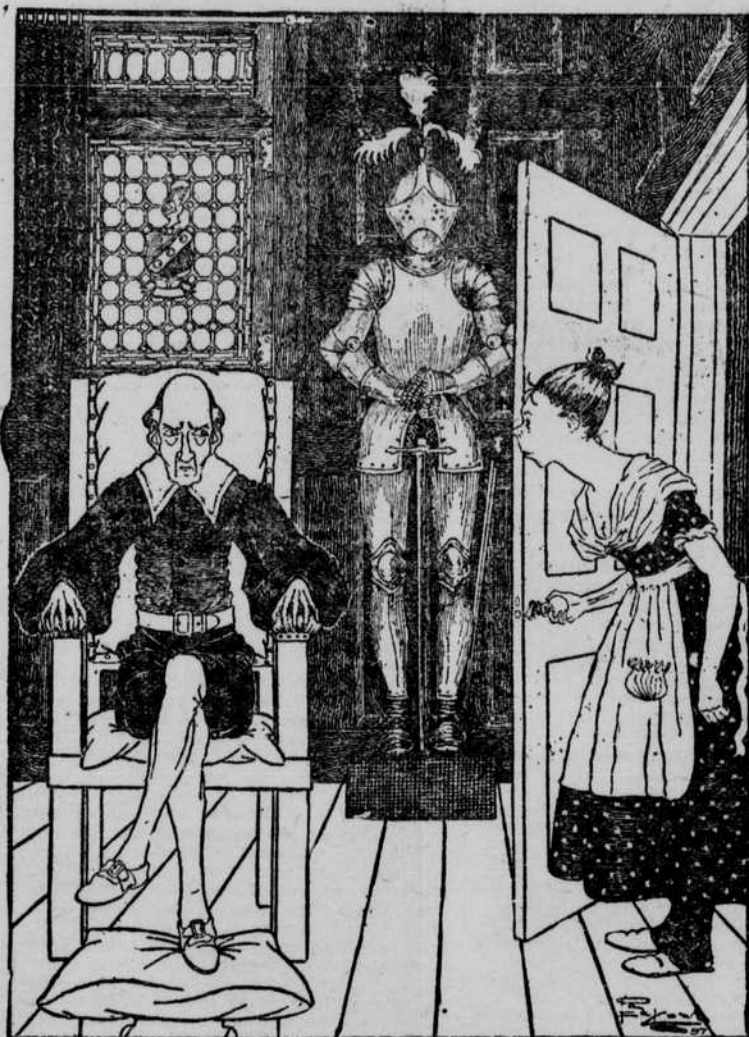
SCINTILLATIONS BY THE WITS OF THE DAY. A LAUGHING MATTER.

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.
From Sketchy Bits.



He—I was a great friend of your late husband. Have you any little thing of his you could let me have to remind me of him?
Disconsolate Widow—Wha-what's the matter with me? You can t-t-take me if y-you c-c-care to!

WHEN HIS FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER.



"Please, sir, the tinned meat people have come for your old charger."

STRICTLY RESPECTABLE.
From Punch.



Master—And you can speak for this young man's character, Dennis?
Man—Indade and I can, sorr. I've knowed him iver since he come to live in this town, six months ago, and he's never been before a Magistrate—not want!

TRIALS OF A NOVICE.
From Punch.



Old Hand—Now, for the last time, for goodness sake don't shoot any of us, or the dogs, or yourself.
Novice (sarcastically)—What about the birds?
Old Hand—Oh, you won't hit them!

HELPING HEALTH AND HEARTH.
From Judy.



Mr. Adipos Tishu—Been away?
Sir Talbot Thynne—Ya-as, for the benefit of my health. Have you?
Mr. A. T.—No. I'm staying at home for the benefit of my pocket.

POPKINS GETS THE CORK OUT.
From Scraps.



dropped into the bottle and Popkins is going to show Mrs. P. how to get it out with a piece of string, dontcherknow!
"You catch the cork in loop, Maria, so!"



"Then you pull the cork gently up, 'till it's so! It's as simple as A, B, C."



"G-r-r! You won't come forth, eh? A. B. Popkins wasn't going to let a law down bit of dried bark get ahead of him, you bet. Hurroo!"